

Dummies

Wale

We in a different time now, bro
Man, we all gotta do our part
One of the most valuable things you can offer is your words
We gotta feed the old, the young and everybody in between

These niggas be hatin' on the low
I just play it cool and confident, they would never know
My intelligence is the weapon I use on 'em first
It take a smart man to the play the fool and the rules don't reverse, mmh
Dummies could never play me (never)
One of the best of my generation but media hate me
Nigga we grew up on Weezy and Baby, Lupe and Jay-Z
That mean I shoot you, say miss, excuse me
Get her in tune and off The Cool, kick push the old lady, yeah (heh)
I be, don't call 'em what they isn't
They move the goal post for certain niggas, they not official
I know some starters and sugar daddies that's politicians
I know some corner boys that could die tryin' pay tuition
Now is you mad 'cause my wallet, my woman, or complexion?
Life could be easy but it's never simple
And it take a real live real nigga to tell the difference

Uh, what do it take be a gangsta?
'Cause young boys on opioids never felt much, yuh
They chasin' money 'til they taste blood
Now [?] you owe 'em a kid dead 'cause y'all ain't think enough
Now the city is prayin', postin' her picture up
And every time I see 'em, I shed a tear and get really numb
'Cause y'all don't want me to rumble, y'all don't wanna squash it
And now we here, it's two parents buryin' their only daughter, uh

How could you kill a child
when one of the codes of the streets was keepin' 'em from that violence?
It's deeper than y'all beefin', them people be out for us
If we killin' our people then we become [?], yeah
Excuse I got too deep
I just signed a contract and now my conscience only think free
And you can save your props for somebody that care what you think
I been skatin' a while, why you try to Kerrigan? Please
I'm 'bout to embarrass niggas, I feel that have carried me
This industry very cold but it look to you very sweet
Put niggas on big stages put niggas in little beefs
You put too much faith in it, it puts you in therapy

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Wit'cho dumbass, boy
Wit'cho mother fuckin' dumbass
They can continue to honor mine while we continue to be over paid
Whether you like it or not, we will not stop
As the soul of our ancestors won't allow us to inflict fear
But rather turn fear into fire
Or lose the three manifestations of a supreme god
Old Louis King, you in the presence of Old Lou

Old Lou (Old Lou)